

# ***Morning Star***



Volume 14, 1996-1997  
North Scott High School  
Eldridge, IA 52748



# ***Morning Star***

**1996-1997**

**Volume 14**

***North Scott High School  
Eldridge, IA 52748***

Planned and organized by students Lori Reed, Erin Grimme,  
Jill Plagge, and Emily Weiss

Sponsored by the North Scott High School Language Arts Department, with  
the help of Bernie Peeters and Joni Schneider, art instructors

Cover art by Tara Henry, '97

Morning Star is a medieval weapon, and is a fitting name for a publication  
that joins North Scott High's The Lance and The Shield.

The founders of Morning Star in 1983-1984 also believed that the term  
describes any person whose talents are beginning to emerge. Thus the  
name fits perfectly the young writers and artists in this book.



## Wishes

I wished upon the North Star,  
that I might be with you  
And every night I wished  
harder because wishes can  
come true.

They say I am a dreamer,  
so starry eyed and meek,  
I don't know about that but  
your smile makes me weak.  
In my heart I do know,  
that this love real,  
crushes never gave me this  
feeling that I feel,  
I can't tell you how you've  
stolen my heart,  
but now that we're together I  
hope we never part.

**-Dani Ehrecke, '2000**

## Love

Love is like a seed growing each and every day,  
I'm sure it must be going somewhere,  
Somewhere beyond the clouds,  
Will we ever know what love really is  
about and where it goes?

**-Fred Hansell, '2000**

## Through Anothers' Eyes

How do we know if the color I see is the color you see?  
Is your purple my red?  
Is your black my green?  
How do we know that I see what you see?  
If I look through your eyes will our colors be the same?  
It's difficult to think about.  
You can make the question simple or complex.  
In the end, it is a question that can't be answered.

**-Anne Hamilton, '2000**

## RaiN

THUNDERING DOWN  
blowing gently  
POURING HAMMERS  
streams running  
HARSHLY FALLING  
beauty springing  
PEOPLE CRYING  
rainbow comes

-Andrea Herron, '2000

## Whispers

Speak silent in the night, Whispers!  
in your ear under the moonlight.  
Quickly, swiftly you race to the end,  
as you look across to see only a bend.  
Noticed the trees as they bend near the  
ground to touch your dark shadow as you  
run! run! like the wind.  
Faster! faster you go, to where?  
not even you know!  
But some where to hide, can't get any  
darker, can't get any lighter.  
So where will you go to hide?  
Can't hide forever!  
Some how you will come clean.  
Don't ask when, don't ask how,  
but stop your running and soon you'll  
realize running away can't last forever!

-Adrianne Halke, '2000

## 20 Years

In twenty years who will care  
whether you went to prom or had nice hair  
In twenty years who will know  
whether you wanted to stay, or if you wanted to go  
But I know this:

in twenty years you will be you  
And that's what matters  
No matter what you do

-Wes Keppy, '2000

## Friends

People you can trust..

FRIENDS

People you can pour your heart out to...

FRIENDS

People to go shopping with and talk on the phone to...

FRIENDS

Most of all people who understand you are...

FRIENDS

-Katie Goodall, '2000

## “ Love and Hate “

Love and hate are two different things.

One is good, the other is bad.

Love is something we need in the world.

Hate is something we don't.

Hate is a strong feeling that doesn't need to be showed.

Don't you see what hate does to us?

It makes us mean and do things we will regret later in life.

Love is a strong feeling too, but one that does need to be showed.

It's important to show someone how you feel.

Do you see what love does to us?

It makes things bearable and easier to deal with things.

This world would be a better place if everyone loved instead of hated.

-Mindy Serrano, '2000

## Eyes

As you walk alone at night you feel as if

the eyes are upon you as you look around.

You see nothing, out of know where a beast

of the night reaches out griping my neck to awaken

and find it was just a dream.....

-Mike Bowman, '97

## Skiing

Skiers cutting through the  
    soft  
        shiny  
            silky snow.

Beginners  
    experts  
        relaxed  
            serious.

Skiing through the scenery  
    trees  
        mountains  
            cabins  
                sun.

Skiers cutting through the  
    soft  
        shiny  
            silky snow

-Jill Pearson, '2000

## Friendship

Your friendship means a lot to me,  
More than words can say,  
We've been through it all together,  
Laughs,  
Tears,  
Heartache,  
Some things we have learned to put behind us,  
Others we still remember,  
Yep, we've been through it all together,  
And I couldn't pick a better person to go through it all  
with,  
And I just want to say.....  
    Thank  
        You!

-Kristi Martin, '2000



## **The Forever Stars**

Underneath the stars,  
The wind blow gently,  
The crickets chirp softly,  
The moon shines bright,  
Underneath the stars,  
I think that I see forever.

When I see forever, I see,  
The milky way glowing in the dark,  
Shooting stars silently shooting,  
Fluffy clouds looming at the edge of the sky,  
When I see forever, I see,  
The heavens looking right back at me.

**-Jill Blanche, '2000**

## **Evil**

When evil takes over the mind, you have no  
where to turn.  
Cause no sense of good appears to your face,  
only demons and evil words.  
What to do when you keep repeating the same  
sin over and over again.  
But want to stop! but can't.  
Cause you can't find the end.  
and when you do find it, Evil! returns  
without an invitation and takes its normal  
place in your mind.  
You ask yourself? Why does it return?  
When you don't want it!  
Your answer is your actions!  
Show no mercy, receive no mercy.

**-Adrianne Halke, '2000**

## **Frogs**

Frogs are green  
Frogs eat flies  
Frogs have long tongues  
Frogs live in ponds  
Frogs jump far  
Frogs are princes.

**-Jill Pearson, '2000**

## **To A Stranger**

I was walking toward the car  
When I saw you sitting there,  
Digging through the gutter  
Looking for a lost coin,  
Something to save.  
You didn't find anything.  
And so you picked up your few belongings--  
A floppy straw hat,  
A paper sack,  
And a thin, filthy coat.  
You stood up and slowly shuffled away,  
I'm sorry!

-Molly Broyles, '2000

## **Love**

Love is gentle, love is kind.  
Love is there when you need to cry.

When you've had the worst of day,  
just turn to love and you'll find the way.

Love is tender, love is sweet,  
Love is like a heartbeat.

When you can't remember  
who, what, or why, turn to  
Love; don't cry.

-Janeen Witt, 2000

No, means no  
Not maybe or yes or later  
No means no  
When you hear the word you go no further  
No means no  
I said it loud and clear  
No means no  
Don't ever mistake it for yes  
NO MEANS NO!!!!!!

-Carrie Evins, '2000

The thing I'm most cared of ...  
Death  
You never know when it will  
Strike,  
Who will it  
Kill.  
A relative,  
A friend,  
One day you see someone,  
The next you see them for the last time,  
The thing I'm most scared of ...  
Death

**-Katie Goodall, '2000**

## **I'm Here**

Come with me,  
I'll take you now,  
I know your ready,  
So here me out.  
close your eyes,  
take a deep breath,  
accept your leaving this god awful mess,  
Take my hand,  
don't be afraid,  
remember you called me,  
to take you away.  
Here we go into the sky,  
just think of yourself as being high.  
I know you're scared,  
by the strength of your grip,  
but you know you called to take this trip.  
I'm here to protect you,  
not to neglect you.  
We're almost there.  
It's going to be bright,  
but when we're there it should be night.  
Now rest your head it's been a long day.  
Now lets pray others won't want to go this same terrible  
way.

**-Elisha Shadden, '2000**

## **What The World Is Like**

A baby is born,  
A woman dies,  
A teen is shot,  
A girl is beaten,  
A kid is killed by a drunk driver,  
Thousands are killed by a bomb,  
A innocent person goes to jail,  
And a unborn baby is killed before it ever had a chance,  
What is wrong with this picture??

**-Mashanna Hamilton, '2000**

## **Life**

Tired,  
Pressured,  
Overwhelmed,  
I need a break.

Classes,  
Homework,  
Exams,  
I need good grades.

Friends,  
Pen pals,  
Family,  
I need them.

Baby-sitting,  
Planning,  
Cleaning,  
I don't have enough time.

College,  
My future,  
My life,  
These are important.

Why do adults say,  
"Life is so easy  
For teenagers?"

**-Sarah Buckley, '2000**

## **Sibling Rivalry?**

The Sibling War has begun,  
Don't miss out, it's lots of fun!  
Things are flying everywhere,  
Oh no, there goes my teddy bear!

You're gonna pay for that you little brat,  
Or I'll tell Mom you put the whoopee cushion where she sat.  
Watch you're back 'cause you're going down,  
And don't ever tell me I look like Bozo D. Clown.

I showered my sister with pots and pans,  
And poured the pickle juice all over her hands.  
Holes in the ceiling, holes in the wall,  
It's gonna be tough to fix that all!

This Sibling War is worse than "Nam,  
But pick it all up, 'cause here comes Mom!

**-Kari Stoltenberg, '2000**

## **"Morning"**

Sunlight peeping in  
through the curtains of my room.

Don't open your eyes  
The light is bright

Can't see ..  
Help!!!

I fell to the ground  
Tripped over my slippers

Shut the curtain,  
Fast and quick

I feel like a blind man,  
walking the dark

Tomorrow will be better  
I won't be blinded by the light

Can't wait to go to sleep  
And wake up again

**-Marie McCoy, '2000**

## **I Laugh at Myself**

My life is so gone  
I can't even think of what to do.  
My friends and family try to  
Help me with my problems  
But they still keep on coming  
Up in my mind.

It's not because of my  
Family or friends that I'm  
Doing this, it's because I  
Can't accept myself for who  
I am or the world can't accept  
Me for who I am.

I can't stand it anymore  
It's just not going to work.  
I look at my family picture  
And I think Why am I doing this??  
I can't come up with the answer,  
Except that this is what I need to do.

Maybe if my life would've  
Been better I would've probably  
Still been alive, but this is the  
Only way I can face my problems,  
So I love you and good-bye.

**-Lori Claussen, '2000**

## **Night**

Night time.  
When everyone dies for a short period of time.  
Or everything is put on pause.  
And in the morning its reborn.  
With life and energy.  
Until it dies once again.

**-Pat Reth, '2000**

I forget how I got here.  
I just can't remember, no matter how hard I try.  
Everything is falling apart.  
My whole world is crumbling.

The voices just won't stop.  
They keep shouting at me.  
I can't keep fighting them.  
Stop! Stop screaming at me!  
Just leave me alone!  
Why won't you just leave me along?

Shut-up you little whiner!  
No one wants to hear it.  
Stop crying all of the time.  
Don't make me hurt you.  
Hey, what the hell do you want?!

Leave the poor kid alone for once.  
She's not hurting anyone.  
Go ahead, don't be afraid.  
Say what you need to.

Like I was saying, I am so confused.  
I found a way to make them stop.  
If I'm dead they won't hear me.

**-Leah Engler, '2000**

## **Here Now**

Now in peace  
No more grief  
I hang my head in shame,  
I was the one to blame.  
It's coming real slow,  
but now I know,  
that it was no way to go.  
So who ever you are,  
think before you do.  
It's lonely up here.  
Look the other way,  
the otherside of things,  
You'll see your wrong.  
Find that way.  
It's not good to go the grieving way.

**-Elisha Shadden, '2000**

# Acceptance

As I sit here alone and in shame,  
It won't take me as if I never attempted my grief nor my  
sorrow.  
Now I'm here in this place where other of the same kind are,  
As if it were a looking mirror.  
Dressed in black with a white face,  
I must make it take me  
Like a ballerina my blood will spread onto the floor,  
Such as a rain drop on a rose petal my blood will drip to  
the death of me.  
Then it will accept me.  
Pale I lay here,  
My wrists are pierced.  
So take me.  
My soul in your arms,  
My heart in your hands.  
Don't leave me now,  
I know you're here.

**-Elisha Shadden, '2000**

When I first saw you  
I thought I had seen you before  
My mind searched my memories  
but it came back negative  
of any trace of you  
This seemed peculiar  
but then I remembered  
where I saw you before  
you walked through my dreams  
like a minor part in a play  
I must of imagined you  
But now you're a dream come true

**-Kristin Jones, '2000**

fingers nervously tapping  
heart pounding  
body sweating  
stomach in knots  
worried out of your mind  
getting your grades

**-Joe Messerich, '2000**



## **Memories**

You take pictures at special times,  
Not knowing what they will mean later.

They are filled with people,  
Your aunts, uncles, family, and friends.

You put them in a book,  
Set them in a drawer,  
Forget about them.

When you look back,  
At pictures in a drawer,  
Memories are what you find,  
Memories you can not replace,

### **MEMORIES**

**-Katie Goodall, '2000**

## **Happiness**

Everybody wants to be happy,  
Yet few are

They think they can but it,  
You can't

They think giving to others will help,  
They are wrong

They think being beautiful will,  
That not true

They try and try but still they aren't happy,

Are any of us really happy?

**-Molly Kirby, '2000**

## **Black**

Like the night  
Fright  
Dark sight  
Not bright  
Opposite of **White**

**-Melanie Watson, '2000**

## **Dreams**

When you fall asleep,  
and you enter a new world.

A new life, a new setting,  
with no worries to pursue.

Your wishes come true,  
and anew doors open.

So when you awake,  
it gives you strength.

It give you the courage,  
to face another day.

**-Giorgina Cimino, '2000**

## **Sun**

When your down,  
It brightens up your day.

It helps you think,  
when there is nothing to say,

It's a shining picture,  
with many moods that change.

And it helps your life,  
to rearrange.

**-Giorgina Cimino, '2000**

## Stars

So many mysteries,  
trying to be solved.

You want to see one shooting,  
and you never will give up.

For you know that when it happens,  
it is time for you to grow.

With the one you love beside you,  
the one you've waited for.

So when it is your turn,  
believe me you will know.

See the stars they don't keep secrets,  
they're your friends beyond compare.

**-Giorgina Cimino, '2000**

## You Are the Friend...

You are the friend  
who will always care.  
you are the friend  
who will always be there.  
You are the friend  
who makes me smile.  
You are the friend  
who stays all the while.  
You are the friend  
who will help me out.  
You are the friend  
who needs no more reasons.

**-Kristin Jones, '2000**

## **Racism**

Black, White, Asian. It doesn't matter what color or race you are, it matters what's inside. We are all created equal because that's how we were made and that's how we should be. If it doesn't stop it will go to every generation after us and this world will be even worse then it is right now.

**-Joey Hanssen, '2000**

## **Cats**

Cats are great friends.  
They're always there to play with.  
They're fun to cuddle up with too,  
Especially when you're scared or lonely.  
And when you're down and out,  
Or just need to talk,  
You can tell them anything.  
They won't laugh or make fun of you.  
But sometimes I do wish,  
They could talk with us.  
Oh I wonder what they'd say!

**-Amy Lohman, '2000**

## **Togetherness**

Sing in the wind  
sing a song of love,  
of trust, and faith  
sing a song together  
and for sure  
you will be safe  
just follow the path of happiness and you  
will see exactly what  
your missing,  
in the world today!

**-Tiffany Mittan, '2000**

## The Game

3 seconds left  
Your heart is racing  
Sweat dripping down your face  
The future of your team is depending on you  
The ball is in your hands  
2 seconds  
you bounce the ball once  
Then you leap high into the air  
You block everything out  
You hear no one  
You see no one  
Nothing can stop you  
1 second  
You release the ball  
The gym is silent  
You painfully watch  
As the ball hits the backboard  
Dances around the rim  
And falls to the floor  
The buzzer sounds  
You fall to your knees  
Tears flow from your eyes  
You can't stop them  
You don't want to stop them  
As the other team celebrates  
You want to die  
While the court slowly empties  
You are still here  
This game will haunt you forever  
You never want to feel like this again  
You hate defeat

**-Shea Newmeister, '2000**

flowers  
beautiful colorful  
livening decorating sweetening  
brilliant nature accident annoying  
ruining downing deadening  
ugly boring  
weed

**-Jill Pearson, '2000**

## **Special Friends**

Me and my special friend  
Like to do things to amuse us.  
When we are bored  
And don't know what is right,  
We share our problems with each other.  
It always helps us  
To think over the bad.  
We think all you special friends out there  
Should be thinking together,  
Not apart.  
You become one,  
And never float apart.  
You stay together  
Once and for all.

**- Andrea Herron, '2000**

## **What is a friend?**

What is a friend?  
Is a friend kind?  
Is a friend helpful?  
Does a friend really mind?

What is a friend?  
Will a friend leave you?  
Will a friend retrieve you?

What is a friend?  
Does a friend care?  
Will a friend always be there?

What is a friend...  
Does is a friend...  
Will a friend...

What is a friend?

**-Jerry Paulson, '2000**

## Two Different Worlds

Two different worlds that will never meet  
The distance between is so great.  
One looking up, one looking down.  
Neither one every going the distance  
The two worlds look toward each other and see what separates them,  
although they can't really see each other.  
Two different worlds share a common admiration,  
the awe of distance.

-Anne Hamilton, '2000

## Wishes

Why is it that I am afraid to follow my heart?  
Do I need change or am I afraid of it?  
I feel a need for something more than the ordinary.  
If I followed my dream, what would happen?  
Would it turn out as successful as I hope?  
Or would it be humiliating and a failure?  
But if I don't ever try, how will I know for sure?  
I'll always wonder what would have happened,  
Some things happen and we can't change them,  
Life is full of bad and good.  
If I follow my heart to its deepest wish,  
I will feel free.  
I may not have another chance to what I wish for.  
What if it is my last opportunity to do  
Something spontaneous?  
My heart wants to soar and be free but why can't I let it?  
If only the confusion could stop.  
I could follow my heart and be  
Free.

-Maggie Smith, '2000

## Why Wonder

Wondering  
What will happen tomorrow.  
Wondering  
What will I be when I grow up.  
Wondering  
When I will die.  
Wondering  
When I will die.  
Wondering

**-Rachel Grunwald, '2000**

## Purple

PURPLE is the color of the moon in the sky  
PURPLE is the color of the grape fruit of loom guy  
  
PURPLE is how you feel when someone dies  
PURPLE is how you feel when you get a black eye  
  
PURPLE is the sound of screaming at night  
PURPLE is the sound of crying in a fight  
  
PURPLE is the taste of grapes so sour  
PURPLE is the taste of candy so bitter  
  
PURPLE smells like the flowers in the woods  
PURPLE is the smell in the spring that smells so good

**-Laura Dierickx, '2000**

you step on the mat  
look at your advisory  
looking for advantages, disadvantages  
step on the line the whistle blows  
take a shot, he sprawls  
you got his leg  
get the points  
turn him over  
get the pin

**-Ted Bailey, '2000**



## He who has helped me

He stepped into the light,  
Showing his repulsive figure,  
One that little children tell ghost stories about.

The look on his face,  
Revealed he was ashamed.  
I often asked myself why he never entered the light.  
Maybe he is shy,  
But I did not realize,  
I did not understand.

I used to make fun of him,  
For he was always by himself,  
In the darkness,  
Alone.

Why did I make fun of him?  
Was I that shallow?  
Was I that ignorant?

He was standing there,  
In the light,  
Ashamed.

It wasn't him that need be ashamed.  
It was I who stood there before him,  
Ashamed and afraid.

Afraid of what he now thinks of me.  
I have considered him as an animal,  
But he is just as human as I.

I will never again think of him to make fun,  
Instead I will have thoughts of compassion,  
A willingness to help,  
To help him.

But I now realize that it is him,  
Him that I wish to help,  
Has helped me.

**-Jerry Paulson, '2000**

## What Can I Say?

When can I say,  
I have done everything  
I could have done for others?  
When can I say,  
There is nothing  
I can do better to love others?

Now I can say,  
I need to do  
everything I can do for love?  
Now I can say,  
Everything that I can do for others  
I can do better.

**-Rachel Grunwald, '2000**

I've lived here  
for all my life  
but no more  
It's time for change  
welcomed or unwelcome  
it came

I've packed my things  
it's time to go  
Put on a brave smile  
no time for crying  
We're on an adventure

Who knows what  
this adventure may bring:  
new friends,  
new hopes,  
new dreams.

**-Emily Gayman, '2000**

## **I'd much rather be...**

I'd much rather use the light of the sun  
than the light of a lamp

I'd much rather drink from a flowing stream  
than from a kitchen faucet

I'd much rather listen to the sound of birds chirping  
than a blasting stereo

I'd much rather be poor and happy  
than rich and sad

I'd much rather be me  
than somebody they all want me to be

But most of all I'd much rather be your friend  
than your nobody

**-Nikki Oster, '2000**

## **Dusk**

The colors are bright and beautiful.  
Pinks, purples, oranges, and reds.  
It's the sunset covering the earth  
With a blanket of color.

It seems as if the busy world stands still  
To marvel at its brilliance.  
It warms the heart,  
And eases the mind.  
Slowly the colors fade in darkness...  
Leaving promises to return tomorrow.

**-Sarah Buckley, '2000**

One destroys us,  
The other protects us.  
One died for our sins,  
The other never cared.  
One's light,  
One's dark.  
One does evil,  
One does good.  
One helps us to prosper,  
One cuts us down.  
One gives,  
One takes.  
Heaven or Hell?  
You choose.

**-Robin Wiener, '2000**

## **Humanity**

In today's society we have countries...  
with missiles pointed at each other.  
We have countries with enough nuclear power...  
to blow up the entire world with the touch of a finger.  
We have children killing children...  
because they only see violence.  
We have children starving and dying...  
because they live with infestation.  
We have crime in our cities...  
to the point where no one feels safe.  
We have pollution all around us...  
because we can't take care of our world.  
We have families killing families,  
and brothers killing brothers...  
because they are scared.  
We are on the verge of a nuclear war.

Does this sound like insanity to you...  
because it's not.

This is HUMANITY!

**-Michelle Preston, '2000**

## **My Dungeon**

My dungeon  
A brightly lit sunny room  
Is where I spend my days.  
With friends a washer and dryer.  
No one ever come to see me here.

To be alone in my dungeon is a gift  
For me to contemplate the harsh realities of life.  
My life is a reality - to work  
Never be tired or unwilling

Staring blankly at a pile of work,  
Wondering if I will ever escape.  
The dryer buzzer brings me back to reality.

Thinking of what I could be doing has long since gone.  
More chores and other work are on there way.  
Why worry what's in the future?  
You already know what it is  
**WORK!**

**-Rachel Grunwald, '2000**

## **“Friends”**

Friends look out for us each and every day.  
They believe in us when things seem impossible.  
Friends care about us no matter what.  
Friends make us laugh when we are sad.

Sometimes your siblings can be your friends, or even another  
family member.  
Be kind to your friends, you might need them later.  
It's good to have friends to depend on.  
Are you a good friend? If not, be one.

**-Mindy Serrano, '2000**

# Stars

I look at Fireflies in the sky.  
They sparkle with mystery.  
Lying in a black blanket of velvet.  
Then can call forth anyone's feelings.

Why can stars unlock our hearts?  
Can they talk to our hearts.  
Talking to the mystic stars  
Is a way to solve your troubles.  
If you can see God's face in that star  
You can see how to solve your problems.

When the crimson streak comes through the sky.  
You know God's earth is the greatest problem,  
That was solved with a cover of crystal light.

With LOVE it was made.  
Stars made it possible.

-Rachel Grunwald, '2000

Why do we take it for granted?  
Some believe we have only one,  
others think more,  
it doesn't matter,  
people who have committed before,  
don't lock them up,'  
for what does that solve?  
It's a cry for something-what?  
And for those who mess with drugs,  
you are dumb,  
you might as well just point a gun to your head,  
you're killing yourself anyway.  
And guns-  
know what's right and wrong?-  
go back to kindergarten.  
You're dumb-you're dead.  
Don't take it for granted.  
Two choices-  
Life - or Death.

-Mashanna Hamilton, '2000

## **There is a Place Inside of Me**

I sit here quietly  
in my room.  
A place that is all my own.  
It's no fun to stay here.

There is a place inside of me.  
That I can fly away and forget about the past.  
But I have to come back.  
To face the facts of life.  
How can I stand it...

I look inside of me  
and see a person full of life.  
But when I look in the mirror I see a  
overworked and underpaid girl.

In myself I can...  
Live on an island in the ocean.  
Climb the peaks of the mountains.  
Go to places so unknown.  
And see how the wind blows.

There is a place inside of me  
where I can do anything.

**-Rachel Grunwald, '2000**

There are many special people.  
But the most treasured should be,  
The ones that can touch our souls.  
Not through lust,  
Not through good deeds,  
Not even through true love,  
But through their presence.  
When these special souls are near,  
They bring a sense of calm and hope.  
There are the people that God walks through...

**-Michelle Preston, '2000**

## **Goodbye My Love**

As I stand upon your grave to mourn,  
teardrops on my face so warm.  
My heart trembling and my knees shaking.  
You got the cancer and died soon after my quaking.

I can't bare the pain anymore  
so I'm here to make my final mourn.

Goodbye my love, I'll see you  
soon where there's no pain,  
and nothing can be ruined.

**-Janeen Witt, '2000**

How and why is the question.  
How can they not understand...

It's so plain...  
It's so easy...

How and why is the question.

It's there...  
Always been there...

How and why is the question.

If they would only listen to me...  
If they would only give me a chance...  
If they would only give it a chance...

How and why is the question.

If it were to happen...  
What would they do?  
Would they relize how obvious their choice is?

How and why is the question.

**-Jerry Paulson, '2000**



## **Student Prayer**

Now lay me down to rest,  
I pray I pass tomorrow's test.  
If I should die before I wake,  
that's one less test I'll have to take.

-Ian Friederichs, '2000

## **Black Shadows**

There he is  
I don't see him  
I feel him  
Not as if he touches me  
though he can penetrate  
my subconscious so I can feel my skin crawl  
he's pulling the back of  
my brain as if he wants  
to yank the eyeballs out  
of my head so hard that  
the pain is too much  
and it blinds not only my  
vision but my senses so  
it throbs and I step back  
to see what he is....  
He's anything or anyone  
who gets in the way of  
my dreams

-Nick DuFloth, '97

## **"Love"**

Love is like,  
the rivers of the world,  
some long, some short  
harsh ways, and soft ways.  
Hope that our love  
Lasts long and peaceful,  
like the clear waters  
of the mountains.  
They stay calm through  
the rough terrain.

-Candice Vernon, '2000

## **The Mist**

At ight a cold-dark mist comes out to play  
Mischievous goblins and orcs run free  
Translucent spirits the ghosts make you stand on edge  
Sleeping beauties bit, leaving the vampire's mark  
Graveyards turned up with zombie  
Monsters and gouls roam the streets  
It all comes out on a night  
With a full black moon

**-Mark Mumm, '2000**

## **Seasons**

Winter  
Air cold and frigid  
Snow falls to the frozen ground  
Fluffy whiteness covers everything  
Winter melts into Spring  
Spring  
Birds chirping  
Everything green and in bloom  
Colorful flowers all around  
Spring turns into Summer  
Summer  
The sun beats down on the earth  
Days are longer  
Filled with heat and humidity  
Summer shifts into Autumn  
Autumn  
Leaves of beautiful vivid colors  
Gently floating to the ground  
Crisp and cool air  
Autumn flows into Winter  
The cycle begins again

**-Shea Newmeister, '2000**

## **Trust**

Trust is something that take time to get and can be lost in a second. Trust is something friends have and enemies don't. Trust is respect for someone and that respect in return.

**-Joey Hanssen, '2000**

## **Scent of a woman**

Visions of her  
dance in my head  
Her fragrance tickles my  
nose  
as if we are close enough  
to embrace  
dare I say  
I love her  
How could I know  
I haven't even met her yet!

**-Nick DuFloth, '97**

## **What This World Has Come Down To**

Graffiti everywhere,  
they put electric wiring all around,  
no more graffiti.

I fly to New York,  
someone high jacks the plane.  
110 hostage.  
Finally we get out before it's too late.  
Never again do I want another.

What has this world come to?  
Violence and terrorism,  
that's what.

**-Melissa Eickstaedt, '2000**

## **Living a Life**

To live you must die,  
but do we really live?  
Have we made something of our lives?  
Have we just been pathetic beings  
walking around, doing nothing?  
Are we doing great things  
and being recognized for our work?  
Nobody knows but yourself.  
Have you really lived?

**-Fred Hansell, '2000**

## **Tears of the Past**

The big yellow bus stops,  
I get off and am immediately chilled by the cold.  
I draw my coat in tighter to me.  
As I walkd down the dusty dirt road,  
I see a tangle mess of weeds.  
It's the old raspberry bush where  
I spent so much time during summers,  
picking the sweet berries with the neighbor kids.

I walk further with the cold wind blowing on my face.  
A pile of twigs lays off the road in the dead grass.  
It was the fort my neighbors and I built;  
We had worked on it for days, then spent so  
much time together in it.

Next, I see the hill we tried so many times to climb,  
Trying over and over never being discouraged when  
We fell on our faces to the bottom.  
Till we would finally succeed.  
Then it seemed like a gigantic mountain,  
Now it's just a mere hill.

So much time has passed me up,  
My dear friends have gone their own ways.  
Never returning to our cherished childhood pleasures.

The raspberry bush may die,  
The fort may become firewood,  
And the hill wash away to a small incline.

But I will always have my memories.  
They can never die, be burned, or wash away.  
A small tear rolls down my cheek,  
As I rush home to escape the cruel cold.

**-Sarah Buckley, '2000**

## **When We Sleep**

When we sleep the night is dark & still.  
When we sleep we dream of different things.  
Sometimes 2 different people dream of the  
Same things.  
WHEN WE SLEEP....

**-Amanda Lego, '2000**

## Gold Medal Game

I hope to play on  
a lush green field  
someday  
wearing a jersey  
proudly bearing  
USA  
The dust will fly  
the grass will be torn  
As I move to get the  
ball.  
It will fit tightly  
in my glove  
I'll throw  
with all  
my might.  
THUMP!  
The ball will land in the  
first base mitt  
OUT! The ump will yell.  
We will celebrate!  
The gold medal  
will be mine.  
Yes,  
I wish to be  
a star  
But for now,  
I'm just a girl  
with a glove and  
a dream.

-Sarah Carlin, '2000

## Friends

They are by your side at all times  
through good times and bad  
They cheer you up when you are down  
When you need some to talk they  
are always there  
Thank God for  
FRIENDS

-Amber Speth,

## Exams

Semester exams  
oh what a joy!

Who wants to sleep  
when they can take exams?

Who wants to stay at home  
when they can be at school?

Who would ever want to relax  
when they can study?

Does the fun ever end?

**-Jill Pearson, '2000**

## “FAT”

Up and down  
all around  
that's a lot  
of fat I've  
found. Suck  
it in not  
get thin stop  
looking at  
the cookie  
tin.

**-Max Glover, '2000**

## War

War is full of hate  
There is no room for love  
Nothing good can come from war  
All that happens is fallen blood  
War...What is it good for?

**-Mark Mumm, '2000**

## Should I?

I eat and see that I'm too big.  
I look at the other girls in school  
And think why can't I be skinny??  
I skip breakfast,  
Then lunchtime comes;  
After lunch I rush to the bathroom  
I wait till there is no one around  
Then, I go into a stall and I do it  
I stick my finger down my throat.  
I'm thinking it's so easy to be skinny.  
I continue to do this,  
But my body just doesn't feel right.  
My cheekbones are sunken in,  
I have circles around my eyes,  
My eyes are black and blue,  
But I still know I can get skinnier.  
I'm laying in a hospital bed now  
And I'm forced to take a drink of some charcoal crap  
I'm also forced to eat through an I.V.  
Now I realized I shouldn't have worried about my weight  
And that I should've lived my life  
The way a normal teenager does and  
It's NOT by lying in a hospital bed.

-Lori Claussen, '2000

## Baseball

I don't try for the wall because I would do worse,  
and most of the time all you need is first.

My position is third, the hot corner they call it,  
I hope my mitt can handle the hit.

I also do a little pitching for the team  
I try to take it to the extreme

I really do love this game,  
maybe someday it will take me to fame.

-Josh Jurisic, '2000

## **The Season**

Presents  
Santa Claus  
Parties  
Cookies  
Snow  
Red Noses  
Warm Fires  
Decorations  
Presents  
Trees  
Snowmen  
Holly  
Celebrations  
Wreaths  
Red and Green  
Lights  
Presents

Jesus,  
Isn't He The Real Reason  
For The Season?

**-Laura Dierickx, '2000**

## **I Wonder**

I wonder why my life is this way  
I wonder why I am here today  
I wonder why we have to change  
I wonder why we every live this way  
I wonder why we have to die  
I wonder shy thins make me cry  
I wonder if I am writing this because I am depressed  
I wonder what my life would be like if I wasn't here to be  
upset.

**-Cari Summers, '2000**



## Forever Friends

The flowers grow silently now  
The sun does not brighten their day  
And no one smiles anymore  
Every one's frightened away

The moon casts a dark shadow  
From the night.  
The wretched tree seems to reach out  
As if with all its might.

The train has grown dark  
And no longer lives between each town  
There is no sound from the lark  
It is silent now.

But I hear your voice,  
Filled with laughter and song.  
I hear it whisper through the night,  
I guess the day has been too long.

I remember your smile  
And the way things used to be  
We used to play school  
Or pretend we were sailing across the sea.

And I remember the promise we made  
To stay friends forever  
I wish you could have stayed.  
You used to say: "Would I leave? Never!"

I remember when we used to play on the grass,  
Those long, warm summer days  
And how we could always laugh  
As I look back, time has gone too fast.

But now we must say good-bye  
And I know it is forever  
Rain begins to pour out of the sky  
And I feel pain in my heart.

I will never forget you,  
You and I could never be severed,  
And I know in my heart  
We stay friends forever.

**-Michella VanDorn, '99**

# Death

Darkness,  
Endless sleep,  
End of Earthly Life,  
Is what we all believe.

Don't be afraid,  
You won't be alone,  
Because it won't be long,  
You will see the light once again.

The best part of death is yet to come.  
You get to see your long lost family,  
You get reunited with ones you love.

When you think of it you get chills.  
It's not what you think because the best is near.  
The Best is life everlasting with the  
creator of ALL!!

**-Emily Weiss, '99**

# night's dance

blood streaks across the sky  
it overtakes the bright blue of eternity  
slowly it takes to the cool beams of the moon  
the night hawk will be coming soon  
the stars start their annual fraternity  
their ideas cause the day to die

electric currents stream from the man  
as he laughs at the silly dreams  
that will never come true  
forever forgotten with the morning dew  
the morning warmth comes in in streams  
all thought up by a man named Stan

**-Mandy Foit, '99**

## Don't Wrinkle My Past

If you reach deep within my soul  
Far into my past  
Don't take for granted what you see  
Or it will go too fast

If you want me to  
I will show you pictures  
Of our family and friends

You will see my Mother come to life  
My fater you will hear speak  
Marylou will dance for you  
And Grandpa John will teach

Don't take my life for granted  
I was not an out cast  
You would not be here if I wasn't  
You could wrinkle my past

Listen to your Great Grandma  
Only four feet tall  
She wore such funny dresses  
She always was so small

Let me tell you of a Helen  
I was named after her  
She loved to swim in our pond  
She did every summer

Then one day - while she was out  
She was caught under the raft  
Half drowned - they tried to save her  
After she died we hardly laughed

High school was my day  
The era so innocent  
So many friends I had  
But that was in 47'

I graduated in 48'  
I never regretted leaving  
I hoped my Fater would come back from war  
And I never stopped believing

**-Michella VanDorn, '99**

## **Sports Poems**

Football  
Jumping  
Over defenders  
Eluding tacklers  
Yelling after I score

Baseball  
Hitting  
Running  
Catching  
Sliding  
Throwing  
Homeruns  
Baseball

Hockey  
Skating  
Pucks flying  
Slapshot  
Penalties  
Goals  
Hockey

**-Joey Hanssen, '2000**

## **But All He Became Is A Wrinkle In My Past**

My Mother married George  
I always hated him  
When she was lying in the deathbed  
He just said good-bye.

Then I married Ted  
And had your Uncle and your Mother  
Years from then divorced  
I think single life is funner

But don't take my life for granted  
I was now an out cast  
There's so much more - there is  
But don't ever wrinkle my past.

**-Michella VanDorn, '99**

## **“You Were There”**

You were a friend of mine for a long time  
You comforted me when I felt bad  
You were there for me when I needed you  
You made me feel good  
You numbed me to all that was going on around me  
You took my mind away, I didn't have to face the truth  
You taught me new ways of living  
You came to me, and I accepted you  
Eventually, we were one person  
I became you  
You turned me into someone new  
I wasn't myself anymore  
I didn't know who I was  
I had you, but everyone else left  
They didn't like you, and couldn't understand shy  
I loved you so much  
They tried to tell me to just walk away from you,  
but I couldn't.  
I wanted to leave, I really tried  
but I couldn't  
Something held me back  
I think it was you.  
You couldn't survive without me  
So we stuck together  
We traveled through life, day by day  
Each day you told me something new, and I listened  
You held onto me, and wouldn't let anyone touch me  
I was yours  
And I was willing to be this way.  
You were my best friend and worst enemy  
You fed me lies; you only wanted to destroy me  
You deceived me. You took advantage of me  
You are good at fooling people  
You look great on the outside  
but behind the front is the terrible dark secret  
you don't tell until it's almost too late  
I was blind to all the harm you gave me  
I couldn't see you were bad and so ugly  
Luckily people saw past your outside cover  
and could only see the truth behind you  
They reached out to help me  
I thought I could get rid of you by myself  
But you fooled me again  
I didn't have the strength to even help myself  
I told my parents I needed help, I wanted to get rid of you,  
but I couldn't  
So they got me help  
Now I can see how dirty you really are  
I see how you ruin people's lives  
You sound so good, but that wears off fast

(continue on next page)

I hate you  
I hate you for taking away a year from my life  
I hate you for causing all the hurt to the people who loved me  
I hate you for lying to me. I hate you for pretending to be my friend  
I hate you for finding me  
I hate you for finding other people  
I hate you  
If you ever come around again--watch out,  
I won't accept you in  
Because I hate you!

-Erin Grimme, '99

## Faded Glory

Our legend is something never to forget  
We fought hard to live  
Some say we lived to die.

They say: Where our bodies lie  
It does not matter. Where our spirit is  
That is the place to be.

I regret I have a faded glory  
I caved into their wants  
I wanted peace not a war  
But they could not see that.

My horse lays beside me in the earth  
We are there because of strong will  
If my people understood, if they would  
Regret condemning me, they could see that what  
I did was courageous in my own way.

Some called me crazy horse. They say my spirit lives  
in the wind. But I laugh in their very faces.  
You have destroyed me  
I will not live in the wind for you.

So then tell me - where is my spirit? Where does it roam? Since that is  
the place to be. If you had listened to me, you would know. If you had not taken my life away, your  
people could live in peace.

You cry, but you feel no sorrow.  
You are like a mountain, having many sides.  
I am like the tamed crazy horse-with no glory-  
Holding my anger deep within.

-Michella VanDorn, '99

## **My Uncle Matt**

I see a young father that died at a young age, working on a motorcycle with me helping him at his side.

A young father seeing his son for the last time and me crying as they close his casket.

I can still see him playing his guitar and popping wheelies on his motorcycle and me giggling with laughter in the background.

I can still hear the squealing of the tires on the asphalt.

I can smell the gas and oil that was always upon him.

I can still smell the gas and cologne that was upon him when he dressed up.

I can still see the thoughts in my mind of the feelings I had toward him.

I can still feel the roughness of his hands as he held me tight.

This five year old girl could only think he's gone, gone for good as she cried as they closed the casket.

I will always remember my uncle, a young father that died at a young age.

**-Jonee Matzen, '99**

## **Living a Life**

To live you must die,  
but do we really live?  
Have we made something of our lives?  
Have we just been pathetic beings  
walking around, doing nothing?  
Are we doing great things  
and being recognized for our work?  
Nobody knows but yourself.  
Have you really lived?

**-Fred Hansell, '2000**

## **“They”**

Love, why is it so hard,  
Love why does it hurt  
They said they love me  
they said they cared  
They said that they wanted me forever  
They said their love would  
Never die  
They lied  
They gave me back  
They said the couldn't  
Handle me  
I wonder why  
Who wants to be blamed  
For everything?  
Not me  
Who wants to be hit?  
Not me  
Who wants to believe that no one cared?  
Not me  
They hurt me  
They took my love away  
They threw it back into my face]  
They never cared  
They said they loved me  
But that was in the beginning  
That they said they loved me  
Why?  
Why did they lie?  
Don't they care about me anymore?  
Why?  
Why did they have to give me up?  
Why?  
The question goes unanswered.  
Why?

**-Beth Alexander**

## **Sadness**

The sound of joyous rain  
Pitter-patter on the empty windowsill,  
Blossoming into great, deep  
Ovals of blue fear.

**-Molly Broyles, '2000**



## **Daisies**

I lie on a pile of daisies,  
thinking of you.  
I pull one out and hold it  
close to my face  
wishing I was with you.  
The cool breeze brushes my face.  
I pull a petal.  
I whisper your name into the wind.  
I put the daisy on the green grass below  
and not pull another  
knowing that the only thing that matters is I love you.

**-Jessica Baumer, '98**

## **Masterpiece**

Butterflies in the meadow  
dance in the breeze  
they all are so original  
but still have perfect shapes  
so carefully painted  
are the intricate designs  
it appears to be the  
world's greatest masterpiece.

**-Cara Hamann, '99**

## **Love**

Every time I see  
A rose it reminds  
Me of how much I  
Love you.

And I hope that every  
Time you see a rose  
It reminds you  
How much you love me.

**-Chad Hallmann, '98**

## Young Love

She walked along in the cool and starry night.  
She was upset, and had to get away.  
The two young lovers got into a fight.  
She wondered if she could survive another day.

The tears welled up in eyes as she recalled,  
All the promises he had made her.  
He told her he would be there through it all.  
She thought she loved him, so what made her so unsure?

Confusion haunted her life with pain and strife.  
What went wrong? Why did she feel this way?  
She wept bitterly and thought of ending her life.  
She couldn't stand to live another day.

Love is worth it so remember, never  
give up on it because it lasts forever.

-Erin Grimme, '99

## Cloudy Souls

Darkness forms over the city  
as a weak hearted soul cries out  
to someone far away  
he whispers first  
but then can't bear the pain  
so he calls out to his  
long lost friend  
who he doesn't yet know is still alive.  
He may have died or  
even been killed  
because this long lost friend  
had a dangerous side  
one that saw all evil  
yet the other side  
grows bright and clear  
as soon as both souls are together.

-Cara Hamann, '99

## Springtime

I step outside into the world around me.  
The sun is shining.  
The birds are singing.  
The wind is blowing through the trees  
It's Springtime!  
A warmth covers the earth.  
I soak up the energy.  
I feel alive and vibrant with a youthfulness!  
Life is beautiful!  
I see the colors of the world come alive.  
The flowers begin to show their faces; purple, white, yellow, red.  
Bright green grass grows like a blanket on the soft, brown soil.  
White fluffy clouds float lazily against a hazy, blue sky.  
The world has been colored by a masters hand!  
The animals begin to show themselves, too.  
Robins peck around the earth, looking for soft, juicy worms to take to their  
chirping babies.  
Cardinals fly about, enjoying the scene, while Black Birds lazily sit on the wires.  
Oh, the busy lives they lead!  
The whole world seems to wake up from its deep sleep.  
And this is all good!  
Ah, the sight to see; the sounds to sit back and listen to; the smells to enjoy...  
It is all worth the wait to one day wake up and say...  
It's Springtime!  
once again.

-Erin Grimme, '99

## Softball

Softball  
fun, competitive  
throwing, catching, batting  
homeplate, ball, bat, bases  
running, winning, losing  
tough, hard  
sport

-Jill Plagge, '99

## Peer Pressure

When we go to our family get togethers, my aunts and uncles ask me if I am still running and if I think it is fun. Yes, I have been running fast, and yes, I still think it is fun, but there have been times I have been stressed out.

My Uncle Myron said, "I only run from the kitchen table to the T.V."

I said, "Then you aren't in very good shape."

He said, "And you think you are in shape?"

I said, "I am in more shape than you are."

This season was very stressful for me because we have two new girls. At the beginning of the season I ran behind them for the longest time. At one meet I didn't even run my best and I was stressed out. After that happened I started to practice harder and tried to become faster, so I could improve and become the third fastest runner on the team.

Last year's season I ran for the first time with varsity girls and I didn't know if they even liked me or would even accept me as a part of the team. When I got my number and saw I finished in the top half of the pack I felt relieved that I did the best that I could do. My coach was happy that I did that well.

**-Amanda Smith, '99**

I'm here, you'er there

I see you over there  
You don't see me

I want to come over  
But my feet are stuck

You smile at me  
I smile back

We just ... Stare

**-Nicole Mills, '2000**

# Twister

Nature's Wonder  
Spinning around  
Destroying  
now, calm  
leaving  
behind  
the  
hurt

-Sarah Carlin, '2000

Spiders crawling  
in your hair  
mud all over your  
clothes  
dirty puddles  
smelly tents  
mosquito bites  
no toilets  
ahh!  
the Great Outdoors!

-Sarah Carlin, '2000

All around the world walls crumble.  
Hearts break.  
Does death come to early...  
Or too late?  
Our lives are our own.  
To live as we please.  
Yet we never figure out how to go home.  
We forget we have the key.  
One that opens the rustiest lock,  
The coldest heart,  
The emptiest soul.  
We never figure out the secret:

The world can be healed or destroyed by one thing alone.

love.

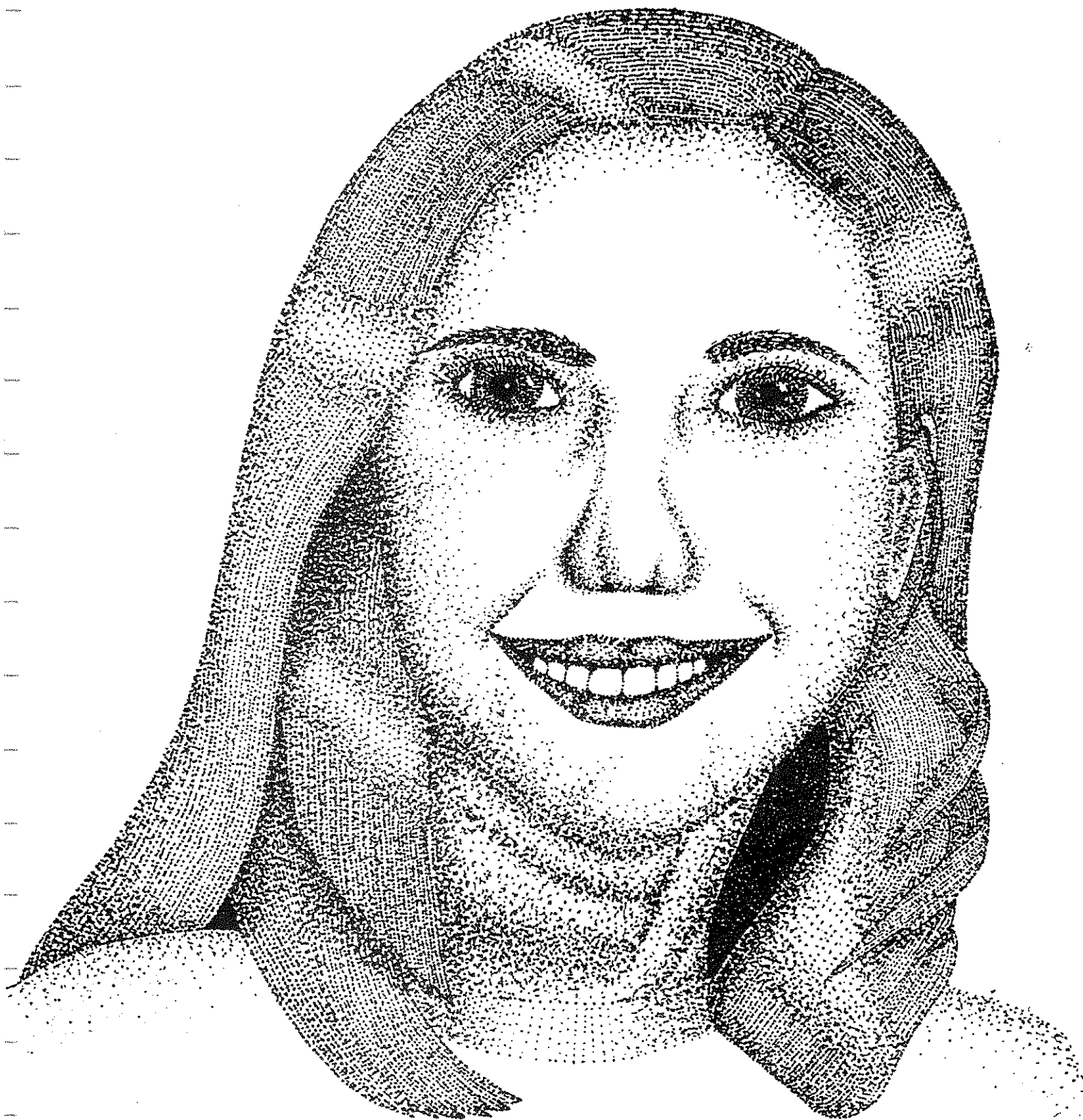
-Michelle Preston, '2000

## **To die**

The worst way to die would be burning in a fire  
Or maybe being drowned  
Or maybe dying of cancer  
Or maybe being suffocated  
Or maybe dying of a heart attack  
Or maybe being stabbed  
Or maybe dying of a stroke  
Or maybe being frozen to death  
Or maybe dying of Aids  
Or maybe being slit across the neck  
Or maybe just dying alone, scared

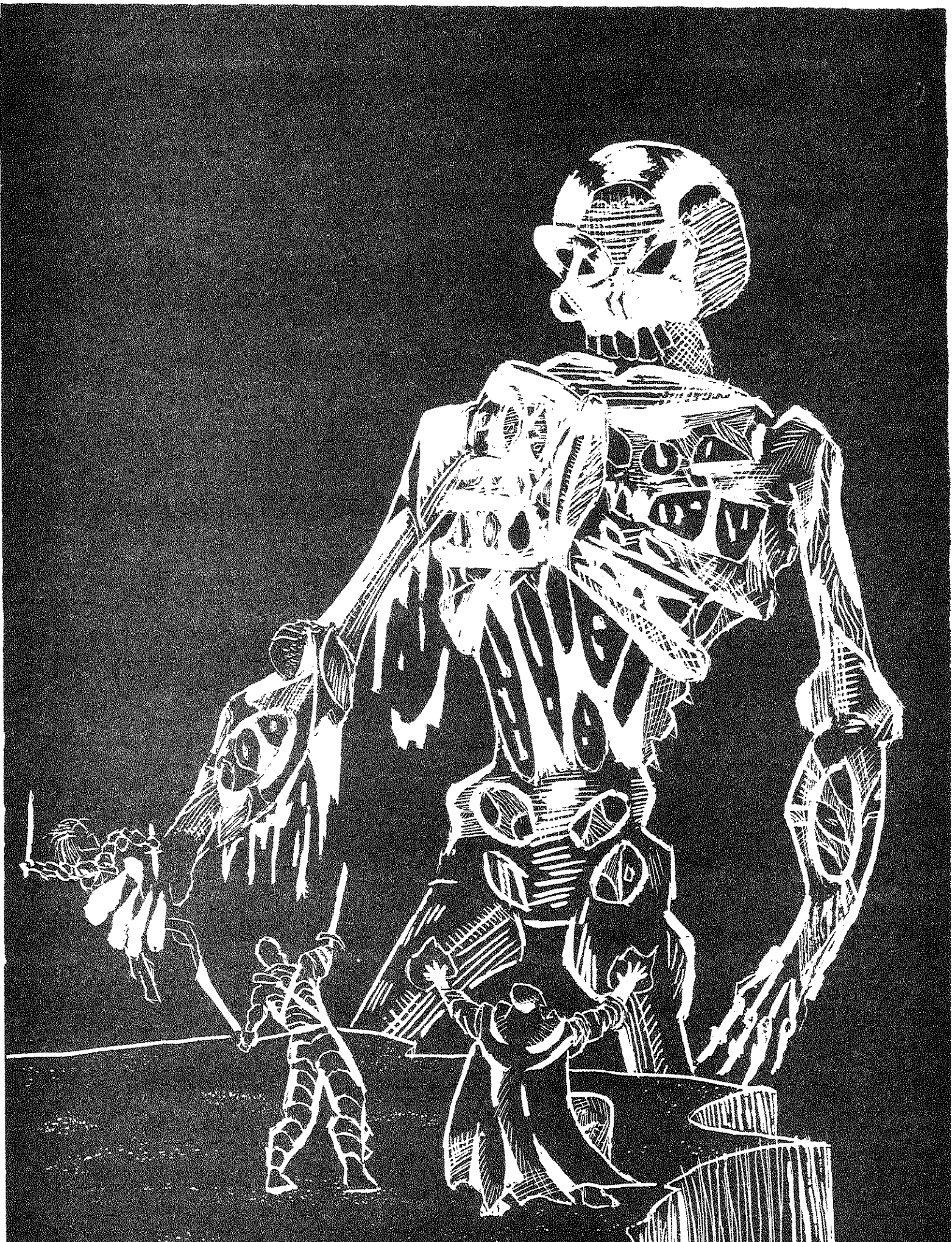
**-Molly Kirby, '2000**

**Justin Roe, '99**

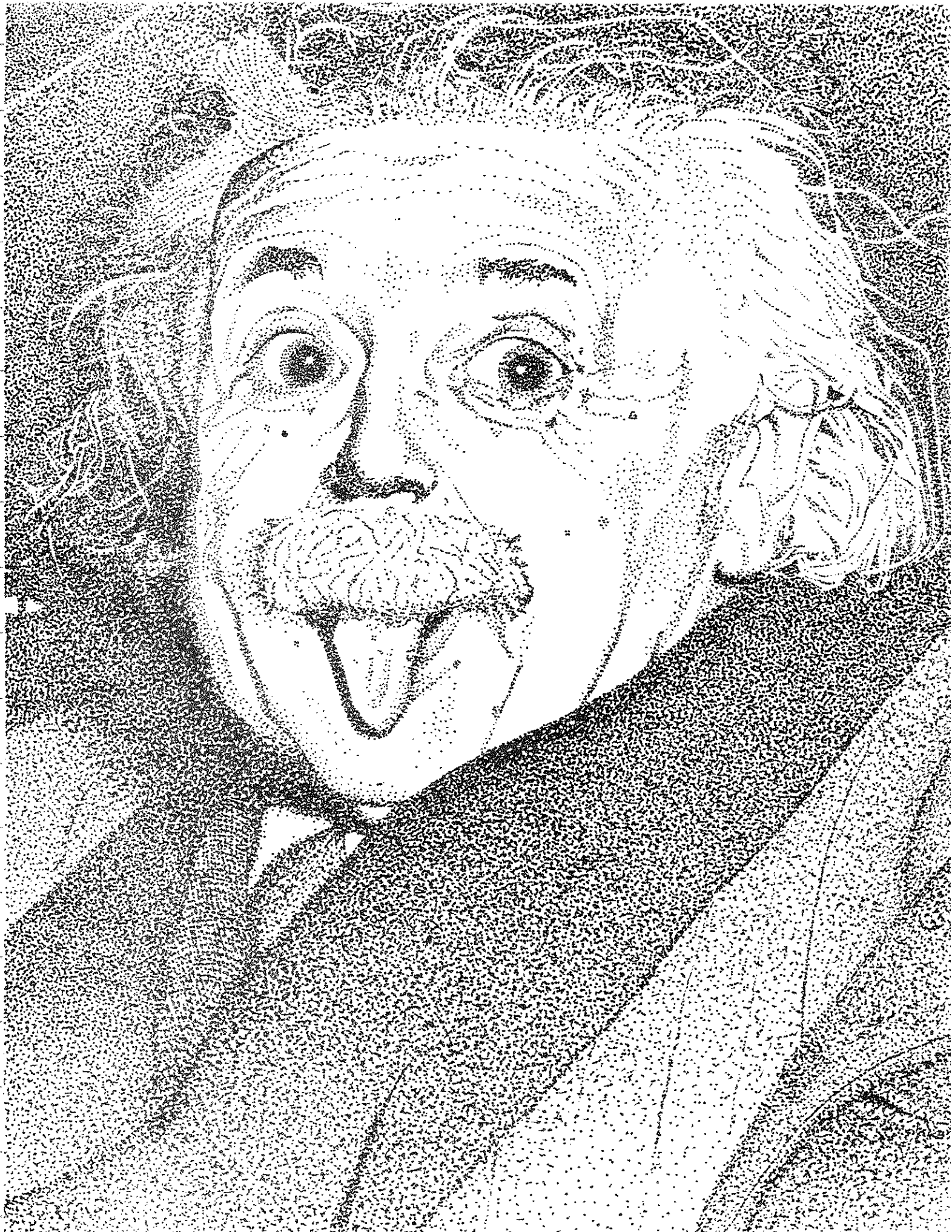


**Josh Sarver, 2000**

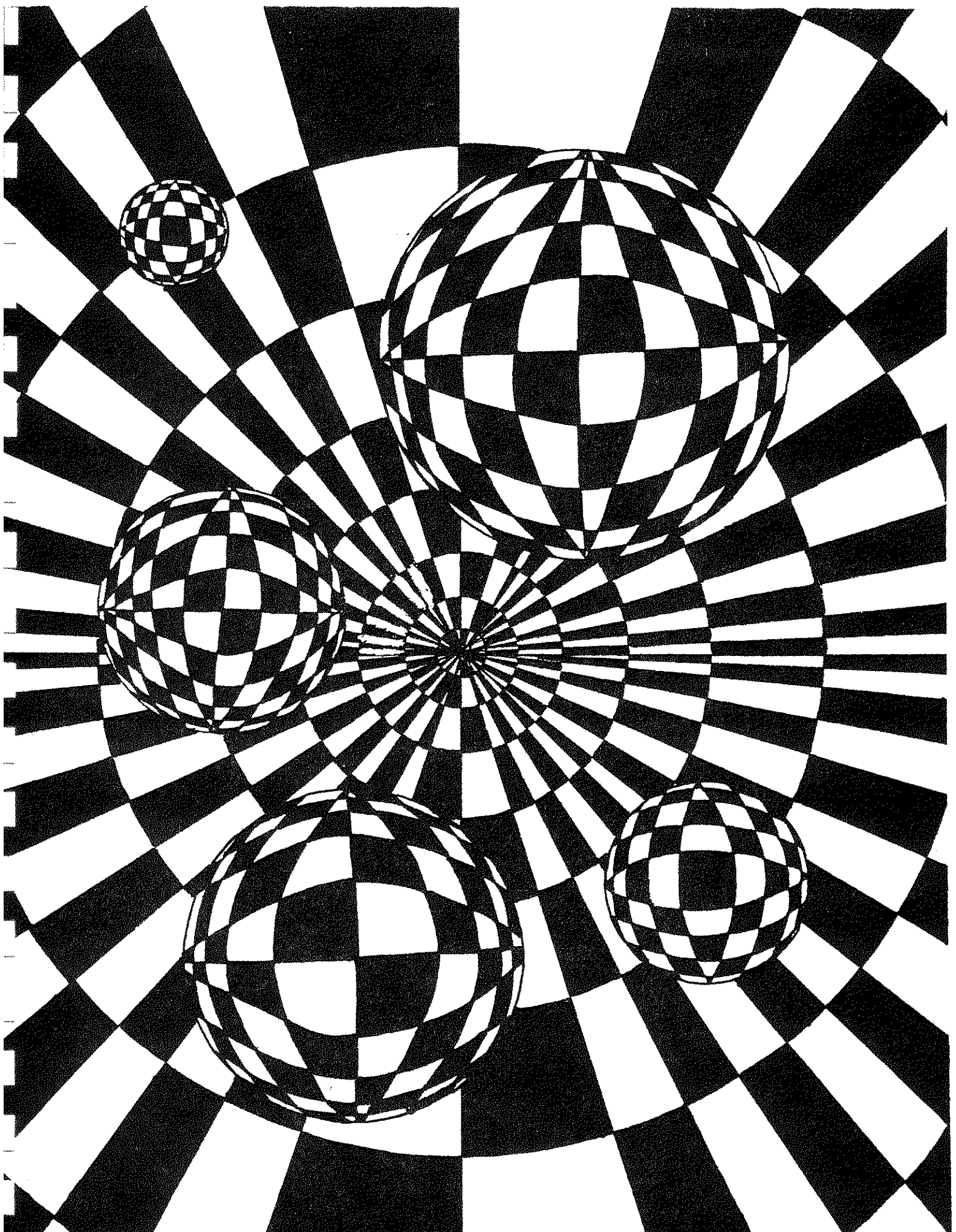




**Bridgette Davis, '99**



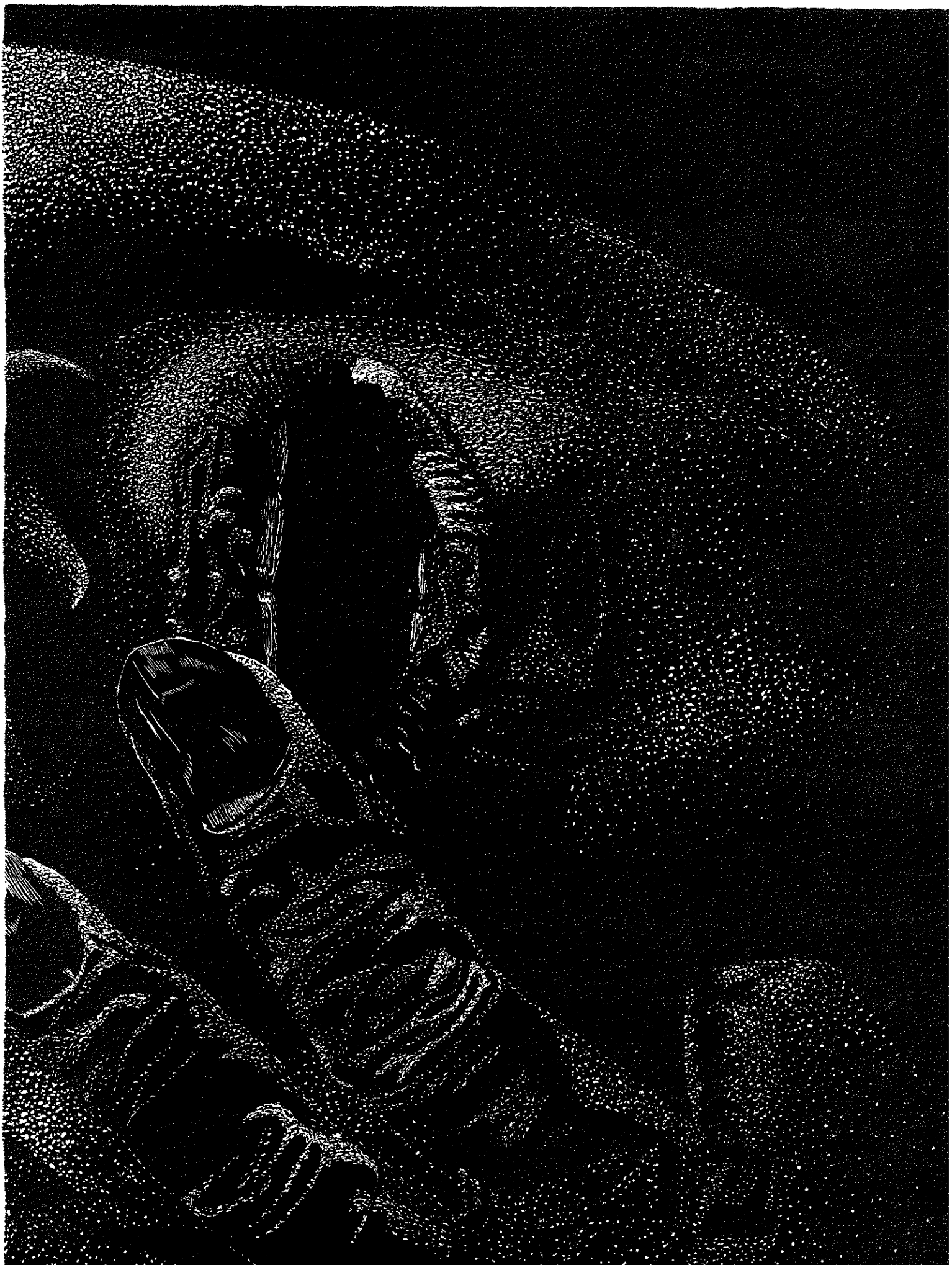
**Bridgette Davis, '99**



**Bridgette Davis, '99**

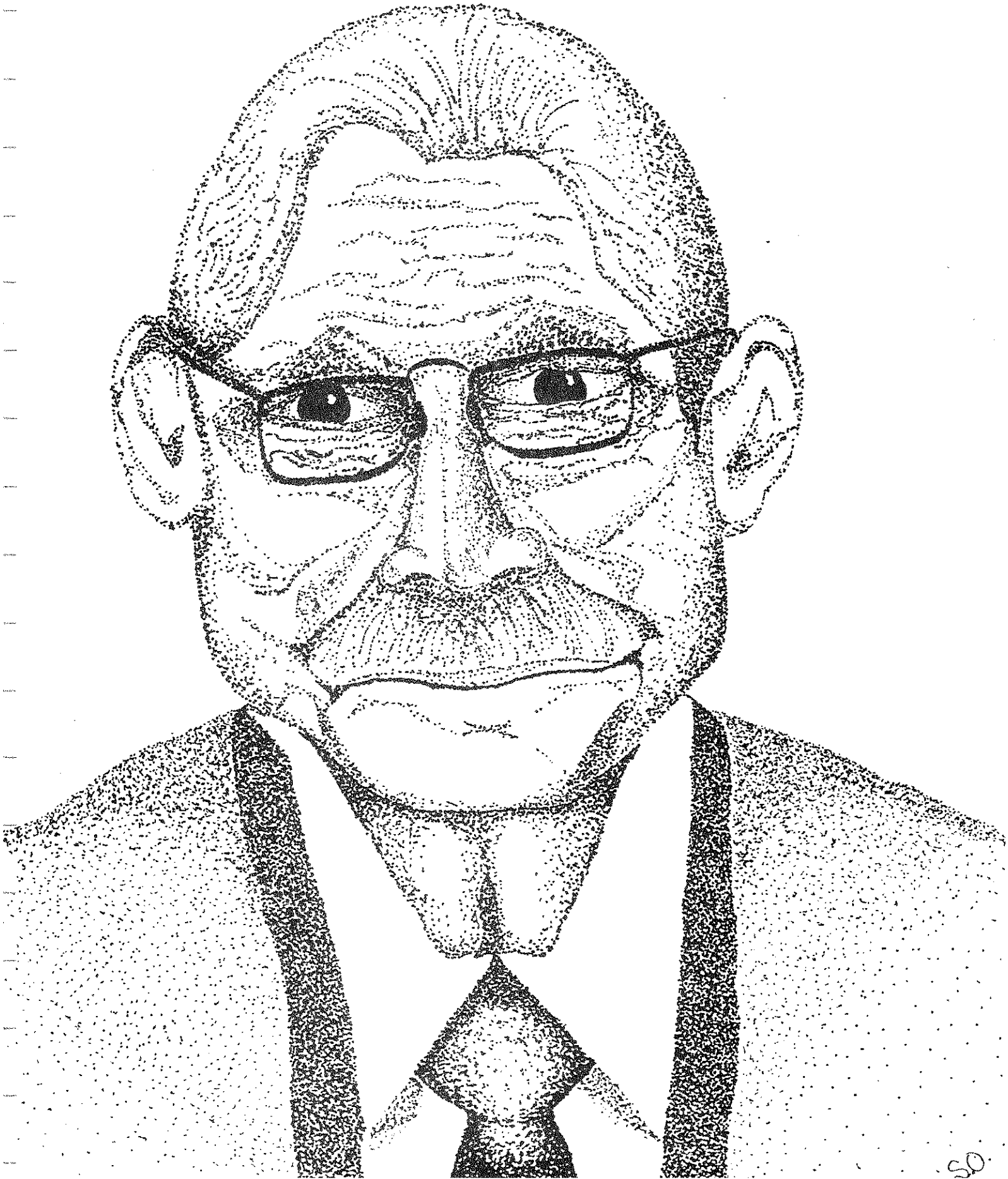


Page 1  
Page 2  
Page 3  
Page 4  
Page 5  
Page 6  
Page 7  
Page 8  
Page 9  
Page 10  
Page 11  
Page 12  
Page 13  
Page 14  
Page 15  
Page 16  
Page 17  
Page 18  
Page 19  
Page 20  
Page 21  
Page 22  
Page 23  
Page 24  
Page 25  
Page 26  
Page 27  
Page 28  
Page 29  
Page 30  
Page 31  
Page 32  
Page 33  
Page 34  
Page 35  
Page 36  
Page 37  
Page 38  
Page 39  
Page 40  
Page 41  
Page 42  
Page 43  
Page 44  
Page 45  
Page 46  
Page 47  
Page 48  
Page 49  
Page 50  
Page 51  
Page 52  
Page 53  
Page 54  
Page 55  
Page 56  
Page 57  
Page 58  
Page 59  
Page 60  
Page 61  
Page 62  
Page 63  
Page 64  
Page 65  
Page 66  
Page 67  
Page 68  
Page 69  
Page 70  
Page 71  
Page 72  
Page 73  
Page 74  
Page 75  
Page 76  
Page 77  
Page 78  
Page 79  
Page 80  
Page 81  
Page 82  
Page 83  
Page 84  
Page 85  
Page 86  
Page 87  
Page 88  
Page 89  
Page 90  
Page 91  
Page 92  
Page 93  
Page 94  
Page 95  
Page 96  
Page 97  
Page 98  
Page 99  
Page 100



Sarah Opolka, '98





**Dana Oberlander, '99**



**Curtis Lange, '98**

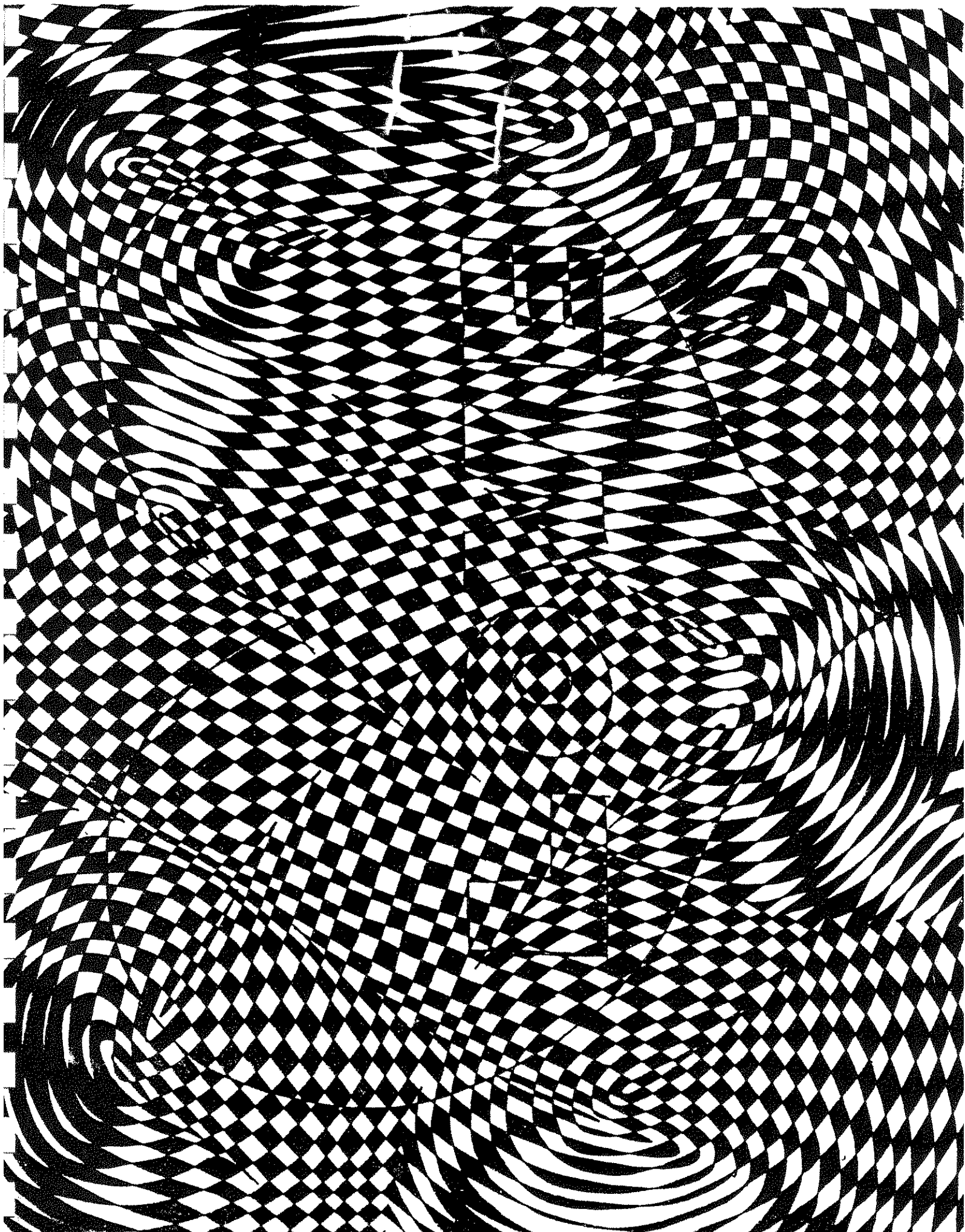


**Curtis Lange, '98**

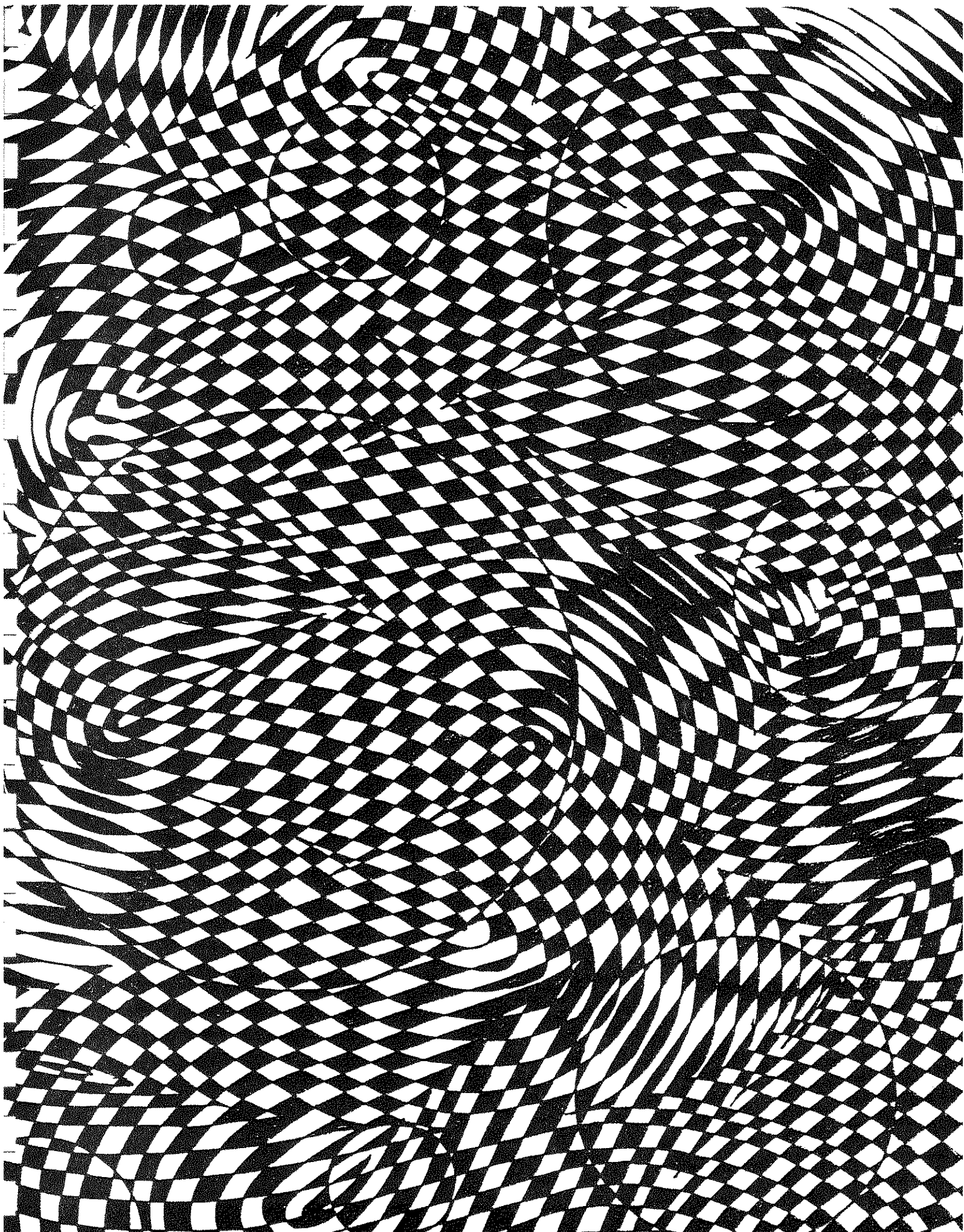


Christy Swofford, '98





Christy Swofford, '98



**Joe Duesenberry**





## *THE PUDDLE*

I peer into the swirling black water, and I feel as if something is staring back at me. It is as if there is somebody, or something trapped beneath the murky water. I wonder what it is, if it is anything at all. It could be anything, watching me watching the water, yet no one ever sees it. Almost as if it afraid to reveal its secrets, it stays hidden beneath a shield made of water.

I wonder why it hides. Maybe it is guarding something, like maybe the truth. The world is full of lies, and maybe it knows all the truths to those lies. It could be a gateway to some other dimension, where strange life forces live to try to take over the world. Is it a tunnel to the place where all the lost and lonely spirits dwell? Could it be my memories? memories that I have long forgotten, bad memories that would otherwise haunt my soul. Or is it my soul, empty, except for despair. Is there something under there besides water and dirt?

I long to know the answer, yet a hesitation keeps me from sliding my hand into the blackness to find out for sure. It is a childish fear, yet I can't keep from wondering if me hand will come back intact, or if something will pull me into the murky blackness. If it does, will I be trapped forever? I stick my hand in the water despite my fear. It is just a puddle, nothing more. Once again I am a victim of my overactive imagination.

In disbelief of my own immaturity, or perhaps to make sure that there is really nothing there, I kick the puddle. Water splattered all over the sidewalk, leaving wet polka-dots on the pavement. I smiled in complete satisfaction of my childish action. There was never anything in the puddle, besides, even if there was, there was not enough water left in the puddle for it to survive!

**-Christy Swofford, '98**

## POEM

### MORNING

Morning is a day of its own  
stumbling around all alone.  
Ripe and crisp the fresh air feels  
as I awake my breath it steals.

### NIGHTS

Night is kin and dark displayed  
Out in the black I once played.  
Not knowing the things that might come out  
This nonsense causing kids to shout.  
A great big gap between day and night  
One causes laughter, one causes fright.

### Christmas

The joy, the cheer that Christmas brings  
right after that the new year rings.  
A different personality for all man kind  
Maybe a new years resolution you will find.  
Buying and getting presents, we shop.  
We fall down dead, tied as a mop.

**-Roz Radowski, '98**



## The Meeting

She sat at a table under an awning of a nearby cafe, well shielded from the early afternoon sun. She was absorbed in a paperback romance novel. She had already eaten her lunch and it appeared as if she was lingering, possibly waiting for someone. She wore a pair of Ray Ban sunglasses with apricot colored lenses, and her head was tilted down toward the open book, so her eyes were not visible. But unless she turned up to be cross eyed she was possibly the most beautiful woman that Jim had ever seen.

When he paused by the table, standing where he cast his shadow across her, she didn't look up. The midday breeze did attractive things to her dark hair which she wore medium long and in a stylish cut. She had on a blue knit v-neck shirt with a pair of shorts that coordinated perfectly, and a pair of brown sandals. Her toenails were painted immaculately a reddish brown color. Her skin was pale for the warm Florida weather. Jim guessed that she was probably from out of town.

However, her features were far too perfect. She had a slender bridge to her nose, a somewhat high and intelligent forehead, a full bottom lip, but not so as to weigh heavily on her small rounded chin. There was a cigarette burning away in an ashtray to one side of the table. She turned the page of her novel with long, shapely fingers. She bore an assortment of stunning rings on both of her hands.

The novel was called Everlasting Flame by Victoria Avelange. It looked like a bodice ripper but Jim wasn't sure; he didn't read a lot of fiction. She suddenly sensed his admiring stare and slowly looked up. She carefully lifted her glasses from her eyes and placed them on the crown of her head. Her eyes were a stunning shade of violet in the intense light of the day. She looked at Jim with a slight inquiring smile. Jim got a sudden case of bashfulness and he did not know what to do. He smiled shakily at her and her smile broadened. Jim did not know what was wrong with him. He was usually quite the ladies' man. Jim looked back in the other direction unsure of what his next move should be. He heard a small wonderful giggle come from the stunning beauty sitting at the table in front of him. Jim looked back at her and raised his eyebrows in a questioning look. She smiled openly now and got up from the table and scooted another chair over to her table. Jim was stunned. There was this beautiful woman standing there with an arm stretched out for him to join her. He walked over to her table to begin a conversation with this woman that he hoped would last the rest of his life.

**-Amanda Delveau, '98**

## Another Poem

There once was a man from Nantucket  
All day he sat on his bucket.  
He chewed on some gum,  
because it was fun,  
and then on the bucket he stuck it.

**- Bryan Hammes, '98**

101

102

103

104

105

106

107

108

109

110

111

112

113

114

115

116

117

118

119

## **Now That You're Gone..**

All the memories,  
I try to hold on so tight,  
but they are slipping away,  
Now that you're gone.

I close my eyes and remember  
When we were young, playing house and dress up,  
Those precious moments now vague  
Now that you're gone.

I get so angry  
Because I'm forgetting the memories,  
Dying away like a log slowly burning,  
Now that you're gone.

All our long talks as we grew up,  
About my hopes and dreams,  
You listened, you understood me like no one else,  
Now that you're gone.

All I can do is try to never forget  
all our great times  
I wish I could be with you, I miss you,  
Now that you're gone.

**-Maggie Smith, '2000**

## **Romeo & Juliet**

he is the enemy  
he is the one i hate  
he, a montague  
she, a capulet  
she is the one i saw  
she was love at first sight  
but we can never be together  
even though we love one another  
he sipped the poison  
but left none for me  
so i die by the dagger  
with one last farewell

**-Kristin Jones, '2000**

## Time

It's a time for change  
It's a time for peace  
It's a time to be aware  
It's a time to be unselfish  
It's a time for forgiveness  
It's a time to love one another  
It's time to join together and stop the  
VIOLENCE

**-Leah Engler, '2000**

## Friends

Friends are people who really care.  
Someone who will always be there.  
With an ear to listen and feelings to share,  
And a great, big heart to care.

**-Amy Lohman, '2000**

# HOMEWORK

ANDY LOHMAN

Home work sits top of Sunday,  
squashing Sunday flat.  
Homework has the same smell on Monday.  
homework's very fat.  
Heavy books piles of paper,  
answers I do not know.  
Sunday evening's almost over,  
now I'm going to go  
Do my homework in the kitchen.  
Maybe I'll sit right down  
and start as soon as I get back.  
I'll get some oreo cookies.  
Then I'll really do  
All that homework in a minute,  
but what's on TV that new.  
I really do put off doing my homework,  
Because it's always very fat!

## The Nightcrawler of Obsession

It was a dark, cool night in November. The cemetery was quiet except for the owl that hooted periodically. The dark thin shadows became more distinct as the smooth vanilla moon escalated in the cloudy gray-violet sky. The clouds hid the moon's glorious contour from the earth's eyes.

A flash of lightening cut the silence like a hot knife glides through butter. The black rigid lining on the clouds edges appeared for a split second after the burst of light. The deafening crack and roll of thunder made the earth tremble in fear. Gusting winds blew relentlessly. The head of a statue from a tombstone rolled in front of another tombstone. The head was facing up, looking at what was engraved in the stone. It read, "My beloved Wife Sue Reynolds 1903-1954".

A man dressed in a black trench coat, black pants, and a black hat was strolling along. He seemed to have been there for a funeral, but there weren't any fresh graves. He walked over to the tombstone that the head was laying next to, sat down, and put his hands to his face. The man began to sob uncontrollably. Someone was hiding in the bushes and didn't appear to want to be noticed. Because when the man in black heard a twig snap he asked, "Who's there?" But no one answered. The mysterious man in the bushes, Wilson Asylum, was an escaped convict who had murdered many men and women. He escaped in March of the previous year and had been returning to the graves of his victims- strangely enough, on the anniversaries of their deaths.

Wilson sneaked out of the bushes and crawled on the cool ground in order to surprise his next victim. But just as Wilson was about to choke the man in black, the man pulled out a gun. He was trying to commit suicide next to his wife's grave. The gun was in position and the man began to ease the trigger. His life was now at the fate of the bullet.

Wilson stepped back, disappointed that this victim would not be his own. He disappeared into the woods near the cemetery, leaving no trace behind. The man in black, however, could not go through with his strategically planned suicide. He returned to his log cabin on the other side of the woods.

The next morning Wilson returned to the grave where he last saw the man. He was in total shock to find that the body was gone and there was absolutely no trace of blood. Wilson, stunned by this knowledge, staggered away into the woods again.

In the meantime, the man in black got dressed for work. He worked long hours at a meat factory for very low pay, but he needed all he could get. The man was an alcoholic and only needed enough money for his whiskey. One day Wilson came to the factory and the man took his order. Wilson had never seen the man's face, and wouldn't identify him. "One pound of pork....Uh, how much do I owe you?"

"Eleven eleven." The man held out his callused hands. "Thanks, have a nice day," he replied.

"You too," returned Wilson as he took the bag from the man's hand. The day drew on and seemed to last an eternity. Finally the clock read six and the man left. He stopped by the liquor store to replace the bottle of happiness he had the previous evening. By the time he got home the bottle was half empty. He changed his clothes and put on those he wore the night before. Out the door he stumbled and through the woods he trudged until he reached his wife's grave. He had left his gun on the night stand by his bed.

When he arrived at the entrance to the cemetery he saw a man kneeling next to Sue's grave. As he approached it, he yelled out, "Who's there? Why are you here? What do you want?" Wilson didn't answer. He sprinted into the woods and hid behind the same bushes. The man in black crept slowly closer to the grave.

Wilson realized that it was the man from last night and felt deceived. He pulled a rope from his pocket and wrapped it around his hands. Cautiously he tip-toed up behind the man, swung the rope around his throat, and pulled it as tight as he could. After only a few minutes the man was dead. Wilson released his grip and let the man drop to the ground on top of his wife's grave. Another life torn away from living and the blood was on his hands....but he didn't care, it was his obsession.

-Pam Ryckman, '

# You

I love you.

But I won't rescue you.

I can only show you the way.

I can dry your tears,

Try to calm your fears,

But I won't be your savior today.

Only you

Only you

can pull you out.

Only you

can straighten things out.

There's no doubt

I love you.

So I will lift your head

So I will dry your tears.

I'll be there through the years.

To walk you through your fears.

I'll be by your side always, and forever.

I love you.

You

and only you.

-Adam Voelker '98

# Best Friend

Furry,  
Black and White,  
Small,  
Deep eyes,  
Gentle,  
Huggable,  
Toy in mouth,  
Always wanting to play,  
Barking, whimpering to tell a tale,  
Never too busy to listen,  
Never interrupts,  
Never tries to say I'm wrong,  
She is the best thing to happen to me.  
-Tyler Biehl '99



# Night Breed

Believed to be dead I lie in rest waiting to rise once more. To  
feed on your soul to feast on your blood like a necessary drug  
needed to live, to live on your essence your very existence,  
I have returned to feed once more.  
Welcome to my domain, welcome to my paradise, welcome to your  
hell.

My mysterious eyes staring in to your soul reading your mind,  
seeing your goals.

Seeing you fail as your face grows pale, seeing your body  
grow thin as a rail.

## Part Two

I look in her eyes as she looks into mine.  
My crimson lips open to expose gleaming white fangs pressed  
against her frail neck. Her skin breaks and red blood begins to  
run down the side of her neck and I drink her heart slows to a  
stop as I finish my feast.

## Part Three

I am not good I am not evil  
I am not old I am not young  
I am neither dark nor am I light  
Yet I am all

Things move yet remain still  
sing yet remain silent  
rivers do not churn yet they have a current  
a knife will cut yet I do not bleed

## Part Four

Being of Night Breed is both heavenly  
and hellish  
rewarding and condemning

I am not married yet I have a bride  
her name is darkness  
I share my bride with several others  
as both bride and groom for others  
darkness is beautiful in both air  
and voice  
darkness my beautiful bride.

**-Joe Dusenberry '99**

## Bird's Eye View of the Superbowl

"Squawk, the cat is getting closer. Squawk, Squawk," I squawked.

No one paid any attention. That cat looked really hungry, and I knew that this little cage couldn't stand up to more than a few pounces. Everyone was looking at the funny box that they place people inside.

"Squawk, Hello, Talkie wanna cracker, the cat is getting closer, Squawkkk!!" It took real effort to say that so loud (not to mention how tough it is to get in that third "k"). This was a last ditch effort, every word I knew. However, I was drowned out because suddenly everyone in the room jumped up and made a lot of noise, while a guy in the little box danced around. I guess he was getting closer to making it out of that uncomfortable looking box. Meanwhile, where did that cat go?

"Squawkkkkkkkk!!!" I had never put so many "k's" into a "squawk" in my entire life. Everything became a blur as the unattended cat leapt upon my cage, knocking it to the floor. As I flapped my wings wildly, my water fell all over my feathers, and the food dish clunked my head. The cage still seemed to be holding, but it could not possibly last much longer. The commotion did have one good effect, though, because some visitor said something and finished with "bird."

I didn't have time to see what was happening out there though, because I was busy huddling miserably as far away from the cat as I could get. It pounced again! I was spinning across the floor, repeatedly smashed against the opposite side. The cage came open at the top, farthest away from my huddle. The cat looked in, and felt around with its paw. I knew that in another pounce I would be a goner for sure. So I listened carefully to the box and repeated it as loud as I could, hoping to get some attention.

"Squawk first and ten, first and ten, forty-five yards, forty-five yards, Squawk," I squawked. Footsteps came shortly, and the cat was climbing the cabinet to drop in for the kill. I could only hope the steps made it before the cat. So I continued, encouraged by the steps.

"I love this game, Squawk, Squawk." The cat jumped, and there was triumph in its eyes, and I realized I was too late. But when the cat hit, I threw myself to the side, and the cat missed me directly and was momentarily stunned from the height of the cabinet. I quickly spread my wings to take off, but they were still too wet to fly from my water dish falling on me.

I realized it was the end. Why, oh why did the people neglect their cat and bird to watch the box? This never would have happened if they were paying any attention to us at all, or even secured the cat like they normally do when we are left alone. I hope they're happy with the results of their neglect. In that second, I looked into the cat's eyes and saw my doom written there. As if in slow motion, the cat reached its paw back, and it slowly swiped towards me.

And it was stopped, and miraculously yanked up into the air. I heard the words "bad....cat" and knew that justice had been served. Then I looked up into the big man's eyes, and he said, "So you love this game, huh? Let's take you in and you can watch with us while your feathers dry." I couldn't understand all of this at the time, of course, but the story of how I learned to understand people and eventually write these words is a different one indeed.

So we went in to the room with the box, and watched the people try to escape from it. Why do they put those people in the box in the first place? It didn't matter to me, so long as that cat was outside or in its cage.

**-Jesse Sheedy, '99**

## Sleeping

Can she really be gone,  
Or is she just sleeping?  
Can we never talk again,  
Or is she just sleeping?  
Will I ever watch a game with her,  
Or is she just sleeping?  
Can she never tell me anymore stories,  
Or is she just sleeping?  
Will she never sew anything for me,  
Or is she just sleeping?  
Can she never make me Mac and Cheese,  
Or is she just sleeping?  
Will she never tell me about her week,  
Or is she just sleeping?  
Will she ever wake up,  
Or will she always be sleeping?

**-Denise Moorhead, '98**

## The Building

The front of the building was red-orange brick, the door sat in the middle of the building like an open mouth. Two rows of windows, on either side of the door showed that there were three stories to the building. Most were broken from vandalism by the wannabes around the neighborhood. The top of the building was slightly charred from the fire that vacated it so long ago. The building was forbidding, like a haunted house, crying out to be left alone. He plunged in anyway.

The front room was dark with the last of the sunlight filtering through the broken glass, casting shadows everywhere it couldn't reach. The finished oak floor was dusty. Tiny footprints left from the rodents that inhabited the abandoned building, raced across the floor. The walls were dark with mildew and mold. Medium sized rocks were strewn across the room, hiding in the shadows, as if ashamed for what they were used for.

There was an open door at the back of the room. He crossed the way to it and peeked into the new room. It was nothing but a stairwell with stairs leading to the sleeping rooms above. He carefully tested the first stair with his weight. Satisfied it would hold, he climbed the stairs to the second floor.

He came to the middle of a room that made the hallway. A door faced each side of the staircase. All were closed. He went to the one directly in front of him and opened it. The smell of rotting flesh assaulted his senses. The corpse of a dead cat laid in the middle of the floor. A rat stood on its hind legs at the site of the intruder before it scampered away. The tops of the walls were black from the fire and the wood paneling that covered the floor to halfway up the wall was encased with spider webs. He quickly closed the door and moved to the next one.

He got it to open slightly, enough to see that the ceiling had caved in and one of the beams that had held up the third floor was blocking the door. He decided the room wasn't worth a second glance and moved on to the next door.

The door opened easily. Tiny, invisible creatures scuttled into their hiding places and he walked in. It looked as if it hadn't been touched, by the fire or other humans, in a long time. He could tell that a young woman had lived in this bedroom. The old rose-patterned wallpaper was peeling and there were no char marks. An old-fashioned, iron hospital bed sat in the upper right hand corner, next to the single window, facing the street. It was full sized with a mattress and box springs. He walked over to the bed and took off his tattered backpack. He unlatched the army blanket from the bottom of the pack and laid it across the bed.

He found his new home.

The game got underway and right away Eazy and Walleye jumped up on Dre and Wu-Tang. Once they started Wu-Tang and Dre couldn't stop them. Eazy and Walleye won and got to stay in LA and keep on hustling chumps and for Dr. Dre and Wu-Tang they moved down to Inglewood and have not been seen since.

**-Marty Kearney, '98**

## The Walleye

The is only a nickname because his real name can not be reveled. He stands about 5 foot 10 inches and weighs approximately 145 pounds. On the basketball courts he is a hustler, he hustles kids, grown ups any body with money. There was a rumor that he hustled his dad out of his car and house. Now everybody in Long Beach California knows about Walleye and his tricks to hustling. So its hard for him to make a living these days, but then again there are still some people that don't know the ways of the hood.

Like this one guy, we'll call him Lou. Now Lou is bigger then Walleye, Lou is about 6 foot 3 and a 1/2, and weighs around 200 pounds. Lou said to himself I could take this chump, I am twice his size. Walleye says to Lou. "Pick any loser out here for your partner and then you can pick my partner."

"Sounds fair enough." Lou said. " I will take that big black guy." That big black guys name was Calvin Broadus, A.K.A. Snoop Doggy Dogg.

Then Lou said. "You can have that little white guy." That little white guys name was Eric Robert's on the court they called him Eazy E. Eazy was only about 5 foot 4 inches and weighed 130 pounds. Eazy and Walleye had this all planned out from the start. They knew what and when something was going to happen right from the beginning. This was the final game before they left, after this they are going down to Los Angeles to hustle chumps. Lou and Snoop Dogg didn't even score a point, Walleye and Eazy won 10-0 and hustled them out of \$10,000.

Now down in LA Walleye and Eazy were the new guys and they hustled chumps out of so much. In the first month they were down there they hustled people for a grand total of \$59,345, and that was only in a month period. When Andre and Wu-Tang herd the news of Walleye and Eazy hustling down in LA, they were furious. "Hey Dre these here are our courts we have to do something about those chumps Eazy and Walleye." Said Wu with great anger.

"Lets challenge to a game." Said Dre

Now Andre is his real name but everyone calls him Dr Dre. I think they call him doctor because he is a street pharmacist. A street pharmacist is another name for a drug deal. Dr. Dre and Eazy new each other, they used to be in a band together. Dr. Dre said to Eazy. "Hey Eazy you and Walleye vs. me and Wu-Tang. Who ever loses has to leave LA"

"Deal." replied Eazy E

Eazy matched up against Dr. Dre, and it was sort of a miss-match. Because Dre is about 245 pounds and 6 foot 6. Partner Wu-Tang is only about 6 foot but he weighs almost 300 pounds.

## ME

Can you see me?  
I am a faded memory,  
A smile frozen in time.  
A fragrant rose,  
Now turned to dust.  
Once a proud and mighty sand castle,  
Now washed away by a cruel ocean tide.  
Am I real?  
Or am I a wisp of smoke,  
Here, but never really existing.  
I am everything and nothing.  
The other side of a one-way mirror.  
Unseen by the ordinary eye.  
In dreams and thoughts,  
I am you.

-Christy Swofford, '98

## Grandma

As she bustles around the house she very slowly and exactly puts things away, with her small but very swollen and arthritic hands. Her white hair cut just above shoulder length slightly wisps around but never seems to bother her too much. She has always had just a certain way of doing things. She once told me how she was an only child with loving parents, but not a lot of kids to play with. When she was lonely she would just play dolls with the chickens her father raised in the back yard, but not the rooster, he was just too feisty! As I sit in her kitchen, with bright white linoleum and old windows that are slightly dirty to look out of. The smell of smoke fills the air as a forgotten cigarette is burning in an ashtray, the smoke coils up into the air and disappears into the walls. She takes a break to come over and pick up the lonely cigarette, and takes a puff. The small wrinkles around her mouth join together for a quick second before they go back to their normal place. She turns to me and asks me how school is going in her kind, sweet but slightly scratchy voice. The things that make her most happy is when she can spend time with her grandchildren. Out of the four grandchildren I am the only girl, which makes our relationship even more special. She seemed satisfied with my answer and returned to the living room. Her small frail bones pick up the newspaper on the floor, that she had read to my grandfather earlier in the day. All the sudden she breaks away from her precise work and comes to the kitchen with great agility. Dodging her old furniture and tables, she looks into my eyes with a huge smile on her face and says, "would you like to see my latest sewing project?" "Sure!" I reply. She sits on the big reclining leather chair that takes up a corner in the living room she shows me her favorite art of sewing that her mother taught her. When she's done she looks up waiting an approving comment. "I love it they look wonderful! You have a lot more patience than me!" A smile creeps on her face and her slight dimples crease her face, her baby blue eyes sparkle and shine through her simple glasses. The corners of her eyes wrinkle and crease together to show her fulfillment as magnificent as her heart warming smile. You would hardly ever know she worries about everything and everyone she knows. My grandma goes back to her decisive cleaning to make sure the house is pleasant for card club, then she can get together with her friends and gossip and talk with her friends. As I am getting ready to leave she tells me with great excitement that she will have just enough time to catch the Iowa game before people arrive. She loves to watch the Cubs, Hawks and the Bears. My grandma is a very special person in my life. She listens to every word and is not judgmental about anything you tell her. I know she wont always be here so I like to spend as much time with her as I can. I love her kindness and sense of humor most of all.

-Denise Moorhead, '98



## Deck of Cards

Hurt of Kings builds  
inside the Queen of Hate

The Ace is cold to the world  
Pain no longer bothers him

The Jack tempts danger  
He flirts with fear

Torture grasps him deep inside  
The Kings fall  
The Ace is on fire  
The Queen has won.

## Red Tears

The red tears of sadness rolled down the blackness  
Of an empty, broken soul  
Zombies of time stroll through the aggressers mind.  
Screams of hate and pain torture the thoughts  
Of murderers  
Those who live don't live to tell,  
But to forget the anguish of the grotesque death  
That fear brought them.

-Nicole Tyler, '98

## MY GENERATION

Another dawn light awakens me,  
to face another day.  
To live my life and learn from it  
in every single way.  
The children hold tomorrow,  
in hopes and dreams and tears.  
The world depends on children,  
to overcome it's fears.  
Although we want to hide away,  
tomorrow may not come.  
And anything the past has hurt,  
has already been done.  
No changing of the present,  
the past has all now gone.  
We only have the future  
to overcome as one.  
And if tomorrow brings no luck,  
never give up on our formation.  
We are the children, we can learn.  
We are the new hope and generation.

-Sarah Moore, '98